

SONG.

Tune—*Patrick's Day in the Morning*

Now GERRARD advances, with "Trade" in his train,
With "Old Dan" by his side, who ne'er labour'd in
vain,
His Native Land's Rights he will seek to obtain,
On St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

Brother PAT, that good fellow, whom all of you love,
With RICHARD, as meek and as mild as a Dove.
And DANIEL the younger, who is Hand and Glove
With every Tradesman among you.

Then come forward, my Boys, and give Gerrard
your voice,
,Tis the Mercantile man who should be your choice,
Delay not support for the Son of the man
"Who has labour'd and prosper'd among you.

Our Citizen GERRARD, to parliament send,
His aid you shall have, 'be sure he's your friend,
Then on him rely—and all Foes he'll defy,
On St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.

A BULLETIN

OF THE

Health of J-r-y O !! C——n,
Since the late wonderful CURE per-
formed by Dr. H—k—n.

He has taken fresh Cold, having
left off his *Old habit* for the *Canvass*,
and meeting a *cool* reception almost
every where. The Cold has pitched
in one side of his head, and affects
his hearing, but this happens rather
fortunately, for when his return to
D—n—k is talked of, he is enabled
to turn the deaf ear to it.

It is apprehended that Dr. H-k-n
must be called in again.

The FOP's Progress.

TUNE, A Frog he wou'd a wooing go.

A Fop a canvassing would go,
Heigh, ho !! Cork City ;

A Fop a canvassing would go,
Whether his Daddy would let him or no ;
With his how do ?
Ah ! is that you ?

Heigh ho !! the Cork City.
Off he set with his quizzing Glass,
Heigh ho !! the Cork City ;

Off he set with his quizzing Glass,
And his Cuckoo Song when a Freeman would pass ;
Ah is that you ?
How do you do ?

Heigh ho !! the City.
A Grazier he meets, cries your price is too low,
For the County or the City.

A Grazier he meets, cries your price is too low ;
Says Garrett You've now but to name it you know
For a Vote from you,
Ah ! how do you do ?

Heigh ho !! the City.
Says the Grazier I'd like for my Cattle when dead,
Heigh ho !! the City.

Says the Grazier I'd like for my Cattle when dead,
The price you set on your own Calf's Head ;
Hah ! Hah ! that's you,
Now how do you do ?

Heigh ho !! the City,
This Fop he went to the commerce Hall,
Heigh ho !! the city.
This Fop he went to the commerce Hall,
And they sent for the *Greek for he puzzled them
all
With his how do do ?

Ah ! is that you ?
Heigh ho !! the city.
He aspired he said, with squeaking note,
To represent the city.

He aspired he said with squeaking note,
There was one fool there who gave him a Vote,
For his how do do ?

Ah ! is that you ?
Heigh ho !! the City.
Says D—s O—M—s, we would like you well,
This is a rising City.

Says D—s O'—M—s, we would like you well,
But the Clargy you've left, and you'll go to hell,
Where the Devil's own crew,
Will cry how do do ?

Ah ! is that you ?
Your welcome from Cork City.
* Vide Freeholder.